

Evening Telegraph

The Merchants of Philadelphia to
The Hero of the "REBELS"
GARDEN

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 14, 1864.

Evening Telegraph

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1864.

THE SUNKEN TOWN.

Where the sea is smiling
So peaceful only.
There stood a city
In days gone by;
But the green earth open'd
To make a grave,
And the sky shimmers
Beneath the wave.

Where Life and Beauty

Dwelt long ago

The noisy rusks

And seaweeds grow;

The men who dwelt there

In days of yore

Now here we see no—

They are no more.

But go at gloaming
To the ocean's side,
And beaten, broken,
The waves still ride;

A faint sweet music

Will float to thee,

Like church-bells chiming

Across the sea.

It is the olden

The sunken Town,

With rocky chimeth,

Far underneath

As the sea-breaze wanders

So softly by,

The sweet notes tremble,

And moan—and die.

Where now is manhood

Despised with gold,

Where the deep fogs thicken

And gather cold—

Old o'er the blossom'd,

Divinely free,

A flower kingdom

Poets—

A wondrous kingdom

Of mild delight,

Neath a heaven-voiced

With dream-clouds white—

A land of roses,

With bower made balm'y

By the breath of Love.

Each gift of beauty

The earth can bring,

Each tone, each odor,

Each precious thing,

Each lovely impulse

Such joys impart,

Seem'd made eternal

By the might of Art.

But now—! the moorland

Desp'k'd with gold,

The fog that thicken

And gather cold—

The wondrous kingdom

Of days of yore

Now hears not, sees not—

And is no more.

But hast thou wholly,

In sin and strife,

Forgot forever

Thy Childhood's Life?

Have pain and darkness,

And want obscure,

Destroyed all yearnings

To what is pure?

Hark, when above thee

A sound of woe

Gleams stirry, sultry,

With a quiet light;

And a faint, sweet music

Will float to thee,

Like church-bells chiming

Across the sea.

It is the life

That once has been

Which sweetly chimeth,

Itself unseen;

As the sea-breaze wanders

So faintly by,

The sweet sounds tremble,

And moan—and die!

—F. L. HORN.

FLORENCE UNDER WATER.

From the London Athenaeum.

FLORENCE, November 9, 1864.—In the midst of busy preparation for the new dignities which shortly await her as the Capital of Italy, Florence was overshadowed last Sunday by the close approach of a "peril by water," such as she has not known since the year 1544, when almost all the buildings in the city were inundated. The Arno, to the Arno to a considerable depth, with great peril and distress to a large portion of the citizens. Those who have only seen the classic Tuscan river idling along between the bridges or beside the Cascine walks at its normal jog-trot winter-pace, or creeping on its way eowd and impoverished by summer drought to the very dregs of a stream, can have no idea whatever of the trembling respect due to the raging torrent Arno when a few days' hard rain, or the melting of the snow on the mountains, has swollen his little tributaries into foaming cataracts, and he tears furiously from the Alpine gorges through Florence and Pisa to the sea, sweeping trees, stones, and crops, and—not meadow—cattle and the rains of to days away, as pythons for his furious, muddy waves. When such a catastrophe occurs, every house on the Florence Lang. Arno, especially in the old quarters on the southern side, has to look to its ancient walls, and brick up its cedar windows, while the jewelers of the Ponte Vecchio hastily huddle up their precious belongings and convey them to some place of safer deposit, and the city authorities set a guard over the day, night, and moon the gates of the town, and issued license for boats and rafts, and big boves in proportion, wherein to supply the needs of the poorer districts, which are unhappily the first to suffer by the visitation.

This year a period of unusually warm weather in October had been succeeded by three or four days' hard and almost constant rain, and every small stream in the surrounding hills was up and stirring on its errand of mischief; while the clay-colored Arno was hourly swelling, and smiting the piers of the bridges with ever-weighted stroke, as a strong raw smell of frosty opened earth came up in gusts from its turbid waters.

All day from early dawn the lasting rain came down, rain and thunder, and tranchant vicious lightning out of a pitchy sky. About 10 A. M. the river Magione, a mere tiny rivulet skirting at a short distance the north walls of the town, burst its banks (in spring the favorite treasure-ground of violets and scented yellow tulips for the Florence ladies), and, with all the airs of a tempestuous torrent, overwhelmed the whole road outside the walls from Porta Pinti to Porta la Croce, and came billowing down in its wake, filling the garden and parts of Borgo Pinti, till the stony old stone walls were sick in its face, and then, together with the ancient walls, which, we are told, are so soon to come down, and make way for a fashionable boulevard, effectually prevented its further course.

Still the rain poured on, and last Sunday night the beautiful Lang. Arno presented a strange and most picturesque sight, by the light of the weird-looking torches flashing higher and higher, and quivering to the fierce gusts of bitter wind, in the hands of the National Guards and gendarmes who supported the bridge, and the soldiers who were keeping guard on the ceilings and lower floors, and braving up the thoroughfare in haste, lest ill should befall those whom curiosity might attract to follow the course of the river, where the parapet, already in sore peril, might at any moment give way to the force of the ever-rising flood.

Many a group of scared watchers stood gazing from the first-floor windows and lofty balconies, which were every moment swept by the muddy spray of the great heavy waves thundering under the arches of the bridges in awful deep pits and

THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH.—PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1864.

DECEMBER 14, 1864.

The Merchants of Philadelphia to
The Hero of the "REBELS"

GARDEN

LIBRARY Street, Philadelphia.—Re-sold Vendors.

We did not receive any Ward Bazaar, are entitled to a

City Seal of Vendors claims for the above amount of

Twenty-five dollars will meet on MONDAY, WEDNES-

DAY, and FRIDAY, at 10 A. M., at No. 129, 131, 133,

135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155,

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